

## [ EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

[NUMBER 9.]

### MISCELLANEOUS.

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BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 Thou hast been my hammer and anvil;  
 The flaming forge of Life  
 Thy砧 must be wrought;  
 And on thy anvil shaped  
 My untried thoughts and thoughts.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

We stopped in Cambridge long enough to admire one of the choicest specimens of Gothic work in England, the Chapel of King's College; and to catch a glimpse at the flowing gowns and brisk caps of the literary loiterers on the banks of the "Classic Cam." Returning from a ramble through the crooked streets of the town—in which there is an odd mixture of meanness with magnificence—we found our post-chaise at the hotel door. Promising our selves another visit to Cambridge after we had seen its rival, Oxford, our horses leaped towards Huntingdonshire, the birth place and residence of Oliver Cromwell, the humble brewer of Huntingdon, the puritan farmer of St. Ives, the matchless conqueror of Naseby and far-sighted and high-minded Protector of the British Commonwealth. Those who have copied Cromwell's character from the prejudiced pages of Hume and Goldsmith, will wonder that we lingered two or three days with increased interest around the youthful haunts of this "Hypocrite and Usurper." But, so it is. Our hearts swelled as we stood on the spot of his birth in the homely little town of Huntingdon. Even the dust on the walls of its old school-room, where "Cromwell's desk" is shown, was precious in our sight. We spent gratifying hours in looking at his handwriting (bold and strong, like the man) inscribed on the Church records when he was warden of St. Ives, and in walking through the house and over the farm he so long occupied in that retired village, when training his mind and heart for that struggle whose earthquake was to topple, headlong, the sanctified corruption of ages. Our free blood grew warm in riding over the plains cultivated by the Independent of Huntingdonshire—the "Ironsides" of the revolutionary army—whom Cromwell fired with a hatred of kingly and priestly tyranny which, in after years, marshalled by his skill in the field, swept to ruins the legions of an arrogant court and hierarchy, like chaff before the whirlwind. All this may seem wild enthusiasm. But, who that loves freedom and conscience in religious faith and ecclesiastical government, will not admire the bold and consistent champion of this priceless principle?

An impartial biography of Oliver Cromwell is yet to be written. Royalists have discouraged him. He said to Sir Harry Vane, "I would as soon put up my sword through the heart of the king as that of any other man. What a rent in the sacred veil which shrouded the anointed tyrant! The startling truth—THE KING IS BUT A MAN—streamed through it. Churchmen have written of him, He abolished the monopoly of their establishment, enabled his troopers in their cathedrals, and seeing twelve silver statues in the niches of the chapter-house at York Minster, asked the trembling Dean, "What are these?" "The twelve Apostles," "Take them down and

The country between Huntington and Boston is intensely monotonous—a dead level of 60 miles, whose every inch bears the verdant impress of assiduous cultivation. Such an unbroken contiguity of prim tillage pulls upon the eye. A heath, a hill, a ledge of rocks, a patch of shrub-oaks, or a clump of birch bushes, would give it an Arcadian richness. One day swamps in the middle of the Sahara-garden would be hailed an oasis, and a flock of mosquitoes from the Cayuga marshes, birds of Paradise. Our coach slid along the even road as the wind glides over the ice-fields. We longed for the lub-deep ruts of western New York, or the corduroy bridges of Illinois, to break up the drowsy apathy. Though old England's Boston is a "considerable of a place," has one or two pretty streets, a sort of curious wind-mills, a church whose towers hide its pinnacles in the clouds, yet no one who had looked out on Massachusetts' Bay of Naples, from Fort Hill, or sketched the blue hills of Norfolk, or the forest-crowned swells of Middlesex, from the State House dome, or seen Lynn—city of cordwainers and Quakers—stretching along the east coast like a marble cliff, would exchange New England's Boston for a thousand of it. No—

Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,  
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee.

The approaching marriage of the Russian Count Demidoff to the Princess Matild, daughter of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, has produced a great stir in the Parisian 'fancy warehouses.' It would be too tedious to enumerate all that the Parisian *fournisseurs* have prepared for the Princess' 'corbeille; but one portion of it which is particularly striking is the 'livre de mariage, which is destined for the Princess' use. A concurrence of the principal artists of Paris has enriched this precious book with a multitude of paintings, as varied in their composition as remarkable for the delicacy and elegance of their execution. The cover of this book is of white velvet, richly clustered with ornament exquisitely chiselled in silver. On one side, the imperial arms are enameled; on the reverse, the Count Demidoff's cipher appears in raised work of gold on a ground of blue enamel. A superb clasp with tassels complete the exterior ornament. The book is enclosed in a magnificent case of encrusted ivory, turned up with granite-colored velvet.

We love to look out upon the stars  
which are the poetry of heaven!—  
speculate upon their nature—whether the  
are worlds of brightness— islands of light  
—the pavement of heaven. If world  
whom inhabited, and how governed,  
the same turmoil—and how governed,  
strife and blood— the same  
retel—dashed—the same guilt and  
—the madness characterize them, that ma  
and pollute the fair earth, we inhabit  
among their numbers may be found the  
same which sang together at the creation  
—the bright particular star that hovered  
over the birth-place of Bethlehem's babe.  
What become of those that, from time  
time, are rescued from the glittering ranks  
where has fled the Lost Pleiad; so sweet  
ly sung by one whose harp is now silent  
whose impassioned lyre once poured the  
yearning plaint.

Ye silent stars, so calm, so bright,  
Would I had portion in your light,  
Could read the secret of your birth—  
Aught, any time but this dull earth.

## BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

When the Floridas were erected into a Territory of the United States, one of the earliest cares of the governor, William P. Duval, was directed to the instruction and civilization of the natives. For this purpose, he called a meeting of the chiefs, in which he informed them of the wish of their great father at Washington, that they should have schools and teachers among them, and that their children should be instructed like the children of white men. The chiefs listened with their customary silence and decorum to a long speech, setting forth the advantages that would accrue to them from this measure; and when he had concluded, begged the interval of a day to deliberate on it.

On the following day, a solemn convocation was held, at which one of their chiefs addressed the Governor in the name of all the rest. "My brother," said he, "we have been thinking over the proposition of our Great Father at Washington to send teachers and set up schools among us. We are very thankful for the interest he takes in our welfare; but, after much deliberation have concluded to decline his offer. What will do very well for white men, will not do for red men. I know you white men say we all came from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken. We have a tradition handed down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit, when he undertook to make man, made the black man; it was his first attempt, and pretty well for a beginning; but he soon saw that he bungled, so he determined to try his hand again. He did so and made the red man. He liked him much better than the black man but still he was not exactly what he wanted. So he tried once more, and made the white man—and then he was satisfied. You see, therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother.

"When the Great Spirit had made the three men, he called them, together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books, and maps and papers; the second with bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks; the third with spades, axes, hoes and hammers. "These, my sons," said he are the means by which you are to live; choose among them according to your fancy."

"The white man being the favorite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working tools without notice; but when he came to the weapons of war and hunting, he stopped and looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on and chose the box of books and papers. The red man's turn came next, and you may be sure he seized with joy upon the arrows and tomahawks as to the black man, he had no choice left but to put up with the box of tools."

"From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended that the white man should learn to read and write; to understand all about the moon and stars, and to make every thing, even rum and whiskey. That the red man should be a first rate hunter and a mighty warrior, but he was not to learn any thing from books, as the Great Spirit had not given him any; nor was he to make rum and whiskey, lest he should kill himself drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working tools it was clear he was to work for the white man and the red man, which he has continued to do.

"We must go according to the wishes of the Great Spirit, or we shall get into trouble. To know how to read and write is very good for the white man, but very bad for the red man. It makes white men better, but it makes red men worse. So some of the Creeks and Cherokees learned to read and write, and they are the greater rascals among the Indians. They went off to Washington, and said they were going to see their great Father, and show him the good of the nation. And when they got there they all died. And when they were dead, I wrote upon a little piece of paper, without the nation at home knowing about it, what the nation at home knew of them. And then I sent the paper back to the nation at home, and told them that the nation at home knew of them. And then they were called together by the Indian agent, who showed them a little piece of paper, which he told them was a treaty which their brothers had made in their names with their Great Father at Washington. And as they knew no more what a treaty was, he held up the little piece of paper, and they looked under it, and lo! it covered a great extent of country, and they found that their brethren, by knowing how to read and write, had sold their houses, and their lands, and the graves of their fathers, and that the white man, by knowing how to read and write, had cheated them. Tell our great Father at Washington therefore, that we are very sorry we cannot receive teachers among us; for reading and writing, though very good for white men, it is very bad for Indians."

## DEATH FROM TIGHT LACING.

I have seen, and am much pleased with your paper, and doubt not it will do much good. I hope for it an extensive circulation. In one of your late numbers you call for facts, whether communicated in elegant language or not. I have recently learned, one to which I gave all possible publicity, and have told it in almost every circle of the young, in which I have since found myself. Two weeks since, while on a visit to the house of a respectable long experienced physician, in one of the southern boundary towns in New Hampshire he gave me in substance the following account as near as I can recollect.

He was called a week or two previous, to visit a young female, I think over twenty years of age, who was distressingly ill of a complaint of the lungs, laboring under great difficulty of breathing, which his discrimination led him at once to impute to a long continued practice of *tight lacing*—a practice which is slaying its thousands and tens of thousands in our enlightened land. There was, in his opinion, an adhesion of the lungs to the chest and a consequent inflammation, which had proceeded to such a height that death was inevitable. Little or nothing could be done. The poor girl, after a few days of acute suffering, fell a victim to—(what shall I say?) an unwilling to wound the feelings of her friends—her own folly and vanity. It could not be *suicide*, because no such result was contemplated, though the deed was done by her own hand. We can call it by no sorer name than *self-slaughter*, for such even an external examination of the body proved it to have been.

The shoulder blades were found to be literally lapped one over the other; the false ribs had been so compressed, that the space of only about an inch and a half remained between them; and so great was the curvature of the spine, which had been girded in by the cords of death, that after the corpse was laid out for interment, two pillows were put under the arch thereby formed, while the shoulders rested on the board. She was a large healthy person, and was ignorantly led, by the desire to please, to sacrifice her life at the shrine of fashion and the prevailing false ideas of beauty of form. She was said to be of amiable disposition and correct moral habits, otherwise

My own mind was so impressed with the recital of this story, that I could hardly forbear weeping over the folly, weakness, ignorance, and wickedness of my sex. I inwardly wished for the ability to ring this case of suffering and death in the ears of every female in our land, until they voluntarily assumed "strait jackets," that indicate nothing better than mental aberration in the wearers, should be voluntarily thrown aside.

WHICH IS THE FLAG STATE?

The New York Commercial remarks there is likely to be some strife as to which of the whig states is to claim the National Flag, which is to be awarded that which gives the highest majority in proportion to the whole amount of its population. Rhode Island, the other day stood the best chance for it. But Vermont, with a sweep of fifteen thousand, now talks of claiming it. Boston is the flag city—she has given the largest majority for Harrison in Vermont whether the flag state or not, but the flag county—one of her counties has beaten Genesee. Every county in Vermont, moreover, has cast a majority for Harrison. Such also is the fact in Delaware, with the addition that not a single Van Buren man has been elected to the legislature. But there are some little spots even brighter in the Mississippi country. In one town in the state of Mississippi only one solitary vote was cast for the Van Buren electors, and when the poor man who did it saw the result of the poll, he offered *ten dollars* for the privilege of taking back his vote and giving it over again. But in Missouri there is one town that has done better yet: *every* vote was given for Harrison. That certainly is the flag town of the Union.

Great Match of an Arab Horse to perform 400 Miles in Five Days.

The above extraordinary match took place on the 27th of July last, at the station of Bangalore, under the Madras Presidency. It is reckoned one of the greatest feats of horsemanship that has ever been performed. The animal was the property of Captain Horne, of the Madras artillery, who backed him to do the task for a wager of 5,000 rupees, (500 sterling). The odds at starting were 3 to 1, and afterwards 4 to 1 against the rider. The horse won at grand style. On reaching the winning post, Captain Horne's troop of horse artillery, composed of natives and Europeans, took him off his horse, placing him in a chair decorated with flowers, they carried him to the tent amid triumphant cheering. Captain Horne, came in perfectly fresh, and on the second day he was out visting around the station on a poney, after riding 91 miles during the preceding night.